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ONLY 25 cents
FOR THREE MONTHS.

The Meredith News.

ANOTHER
NEW STORY
SOON.

Vol. X. No. 3.
MEREDITH VILLAGE, N. H., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1889.
Price Three Cents.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. W. ROLLINS,
COUNSELOR AT LAW
Meredith, N. H.

N. C. NUTTING,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in residence on Main Street, opposite the School-house.
20-6m MEREDITH, N. H.

F. L. HAWKINS,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office over P. D. Blaisdell's Store.
MEREDITH, N. H.
15-tf

F. E. KITTREDGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
CENTRE HARBOR, N. H.
11-1-in-tf

DR. C. C. MATHEWSON,
Will perform all operations in
DENTISTRY
At his office in Prescott's New Block.
Main Street, Meredith, N. H.
47

L. HARTSHORN & SON,
Carriage and Sign Painters.
Meredith, N. H.

JOHN EASTER,
PAINTER,
Meredith, N. H.

O. S. PIPER,
Contractor and Builder,
Estimates on all kinds of work in my line furnished on application.
Meredith, N. H.

Elm House
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THOS. GRAY, - PROPRIETOR.
Remodeled and Newly Furnished.
17.

A. J. WATSON,
Practical Carpenter,
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Estimates furnished on application.
Waukewan St., Meredith, N. H.
26-tf.

GEO. D. PEASE,
112, Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
LOANS NEGOTIATED, REAL ESTATE BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION, TAXES PAID, ESTATES MANAGED.

BLAKE & MOULTON,
UNDERTAKERS
—AND—
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

RHEUMATISM!

Undoubtedly results from the presence of poisonous acids in the blood, these cannot be expelled by outward application, they must be reached through the blood. Wadleigh's Rheumatic Cure begins directly at the cause, the blood. The most obstinate cases yield to this wonderful remedy. Not a cure-all. Contains no opium. Try it.

I have suffered from rheumatism in my hip and leg the past nine years, and have been greatly afflicted the past winter. I found no relief until I tried **Wadleigh's Rheumatic Cure** and Wadleigh's Little Vegetable Pills. Thirty-six hours after taking them, all pain left me, and I have not felt a particle of it since. I have exposed myself in all kinds of weather, worked hard all day, but the rheumatism has not returned. Mr. JOHN S. DEARBORN, Northfield, N. H.

Try **Wadleigh's Little Vegetable Pills** for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Etc. Small. Do not gripe. One a dose. Sold by all druggists. "Rheumatic Cure" $1.00, Six Bottles $5.00. Pills 25c. Bottles $1.00. Sent on receipt of price. Prepared only by F. R. WADLEIGH, Pharmacist, Alton, N. H.

Notice to Farmers

All castings used in the make-up of the Swivel Plow
"GRANGER"
From and after January 1st, 1889, are fully warranted not to break by any fair means, the owner to be the judge.
The best is the Cheapest.
WADLEIGH PLOW CO.,
41 Meredith, N. H.

CARRIAGES FOR SALE.

Any person in want of a well made **Buggy or Light Wagon** can be accommodated by A. SHERMAN, of the Mountain View House. No cheap work done.
3-8

FOR SALE OR TO RENT!

For a term of years. A two-story house containing nine rooms, newly finished, painted and papered throughout, a convenient cellar, wood room, garden 45 x 20 feet and a well of never-failing water, situated in a good and desirable neighborhood on Water Street, Meredith Village.
For particulars or examination apply to S. A. LADD.
tf

The * Meredith * News.
GEO. F. SANBORN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Considerable agitation has been brought to light by the enforcement of the Sunday laws at different places in New England. In Laconia all the places of business were recently closed not giving the people even an opportunity to purchase a Sunday paper. In a Massachusetts town, a worthy (?) townsman succeeded in drawing a fine from one of his neighbors for taking care of some hay Sunday, which he felt to be a necessity. In fact in every town there is a class of people who believe Sunday to be kept strictly sacred for devotion alone, and would by no means countenance any pleasure or recreation except that which they claim may be found in the church. There is another class that look upon the day in altogether a different light; as a day of rest to be sure, but in recreation and pleasure they are wont to find the rest they seek. Six days' confinement in a close factory or workshop is a hardship known only to those thus engaged, but one can imagine the freedom richly enjoyed by a day's outing upon the seventh. While we would not uphold making a fourth of July of the Sabbath day, we believe certainly it should be made a day of pleasure. By pleasure, we mean should it please one to attend church, his or her choice should by all means be respected; and if it pleases another to enjoy a ride among the hills or an outing upon the lakes, it should not by any means be held as a crime. In the opening of places of business Sunday, we are of the opinion that any necessity that would add to the pleasures of the day should be had, and quite often many things are sought that would escape the mind the previous day. The old "blue laws," which we understand are not as yet removed from our statute books, even go so far as to forbid all driving of teams except in cases of sickness or death, together with the cessation of all labor of whatever nature. What would our Presidents, our statesmen and other good people do were they compelled to follow the letter of such laws? When we open our minds to concede to each other our individual pleasures, as long as they do not interfere with the public peace or conflict with the preferences of one another, we shall indeed be a much wiser if not happier people. If Sunday trains and boats are run, do not patronize them unless you wish, but grant the poor laboring man or woman an opportunity to enjoy that recreation a six days' confinement demands for both health and happiness.

A syndicate composed of John S. Crane of Lake Village, J. W. Busiel & Co., of Laconia, Warren F. Daniel of Franklin, P. C. Cheney and Joseph C. Moore of Manchester, Laconia Car Company, Cole M'f'g Co. and others have purchased for about $90,000 the control of the water power so long owned by Lowell and Lawrence parties. This action gives control of this great power to New Hampshire men, which is believed to be of great advantage to the state, and the towns of Laconia and Lake Village particularly, will be boomed for all they are worth.

The dailies in nearly every issue, contain news of devastation wrought by flood or wind in the west. Monday, Princeton, Ohio, was visited by a windstorm succeeded by rain which in twenty minutes swept through the town, destroying many buildings and rendering several families homeless.

London is greatly excited again by another body of a woman being found mutilated in a shocking manner in the Whitechapel district Tuesday. It is thought the deed was done by "Jack, the Ripper," as all means used by the police to gain a clew to the murderer have failed.

Yesterday was the busiest of all at Concord, and it is thought an early adjournment will be made. The railroad compromise bill was brought before the House and several amendments offered. A number of bills were given the quietus, including the patent medicine bill.

The failure of cereal crops in eastern Europe indicates the demand for a large exportation from this country to supply the deficiency.

The Chautauqua Assembly is now in session at The Weirs, and will continue until the 26th inst.

BLAKE'S
IS THE LEADING
JEWELRY STORE
IN LACONIA.
WE HAVE THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY IN THE MARKET.
Our Sporting Goods Department Has Just Received A LARGE INVOICE OF **FISHING TACKLE!** Scientific Fishermen will find everything they need in this line. JOINTED RODS From 10 cents to $15. ARTIFICIAL BAIT that no fish can resist. All the standard FLIES, and Some New Beauties. HELGOMITES FOR SALE.
REVOLVERS FROM $1.00 TO $25.00, AND THE BEST CARTRIDGES IN THE MARKET.
BASE BALL GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY. SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.
BICYCLES. WE ARE AGENTS FOR THE MAIL AND COLUMBIA.
ALSO, AGENT FOR BOSTON CASHIER REGISTER. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
We still hold ourselves at the Front for Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing, at Low Prices.
C. S. BLAKE, - LACONIA, N. H.,
Main Street, G. A. R. Block.

Meredith and Vicinity.

Waukewan Lodge, No. 9, I. O. G. T.

Meetings every Tuesday evening at their hall in Prescott's block, at 8 o'clock.
REV. T. CRUDGINGTON, C. T.
AMY F. TOWNE, SEC.

Concord R. R., White Mt. Div.

Trains leave Meredith Village, as follows:

TRAINS NORTH:

Paper Train,	7:40 a. m.
Way Freight,	8:25 "
Montreal Express,	12:18 p. m.
Mail,	12:30 "
Quebec and White Mt. Express,	4:26 "
Plymouth Express,	8:31 "
Shoo Fly,	10:55 "
Paper and Excursion Train, (Sunday,)	6:13 a. m.
Montreal Express, (Sunday,)	10:55 p. m.

TRAINS SOUTH:

Shoo Fly,	4:24 a. m.
Plymouth and Boston Express,	5:56 "
Woodsville and Boston Express,	8:38 "
Mail,	1:41 p. m.
White Mt. and Montreal Ex. (Sunday)	4:24 a. m.
White Mt. Montreal and Boston Express,	5:20 p. m.
Excursion and Accommodation, (Sunday)	5:26 "
Accommodation,	5:55 "
Way Freight,	10:05 a. m.

J. M. BEDEE, Station Agent.

—Rev. S. P. Everett of Ayer, Mass., is in town.

—Miss Carrie Hodgdon of Haverhill, Mass., [illegible]

—Read W. F. Knight & Tetreau's new advertisement.

—Dr. Geo. S. Bartlett has sold his drug store in Tilton.

—Mrs. Frank Lamson and child of Exeter, are in town.

—Mr. O. J. Smith is confined to his home with sickness.

—Miss Minnie Towle of Boston is among friends in town.

—The family horse belonging to Mr. J. G. Smith died recently.

—Ed. Blake's tall hat was tenderly carried to Centre Harbor yesterday.

—Miss Kate Gilman of New York City arrived in town yesterday noon.

—A gentleman is sketching the village in the interests of fire insurance.

—The boys have another social dance in the Town Hall, Saturday evening.

—We are pleased to note that Mr. Geo. Grantham is rapidly gaining in health.

—The barn of Mrs. Louisa Berry at the head of Water St. has been taken down.

—Mr. Thomas Gray of the Elm House, is agent for the celebrated Hill harness.

—Mr. Frank H. Cram is improving his lot adjoining the sidewalk, by curbstones.

—Mr. Herman Hodgdon and wife of Haverhill, Mass., are among friends in town.

—Mr. A. M. Prescott and family of Somerville, Mass., have been in town this week.

—Mr. Rodney Hodgdon and wife of Belmont have been enjoying a few days' rest in town.

—Mr. Alfred Clifford has taken the position of barber at the Brunswick in Woodsville.

—Capt. Mead, wife and child of Manchester, have been in town this week visiting friends.

—The Elm House is in need of a girl assistant. Those interested should apply at once.

—Mr. J. F. Beede and sister and Mrs. Jane Perkins are to take a few days rest at York Beach.

—Mr. John P. Kendrick waylaid a monster water adder in the rear of Hodgson's mill yesterday morning.

—Bananas as usual, Oranges as usual, Lemons as usual, Watermelons as usual, everything as usual at Sanborn's this week.

—Waukewan Lodge of Good Templars have favored us with their card at the head of the locals for the coming year. Thanks.

—John L. Sullivan, the great, passed through our town on the early morning train Tuesday, en route from Toronto to Boston.

—A silver fruit basket and butter dish with upwards of twenty dollars were donated to Rev. E. Owen and wife by their many friends last evening.

—Barber Smart and wife are visiting their former homes in Vermont. Mr. F. B. Wilson is manipulating the shears and razor during his absence.

—The twenty-fourth anniversary of Waukewan Lodge, I. O. G. T., will be celebrated by an excursion down the lake the twenty-seventh instant.

—Mr. C. H. Colby has taken charge of the orchestra of the Larkin House, Watch Hill, R. I., again this season. His wife will join him later in the season.

—The NEWS office has recently added nearly one hundred pounds of job type to its already large supply, besides other novelties for its job printing department.

—Why, none can imagine [illegible] renew[illegible] and new subscribers come into the NEWS office, and a nice, clean, pay-in-advance list at that.

—It is reported that Hodgson's hosiery will shut down for four or five weeks beginning the last of next month, for the purpose of making some necessary repairs.

—That unsightly gate house on Main St. bridge was the means of stopping another runaway yesterday morning. Who knows but what it has its merits after all?

—The horse trot and running race at Laconia this afternoon promises to excel all anticipations. Several entries have been made that warrant a most exciting contest.

—The report that Mr. J. F. Beede of our town has been appointed bank examiner for Maine and New Hampshire is entirely unfounded. He has not even been an aspirant for the position.

—J. F. Beede has sold over 500 doz. of the Bartlett hay rakes made at So. Tamworth, N. H., this season, and could have sold more if they could have been obtained from the factory.

—Masters George and Charlie Prescott returned from a visit to relatives in Sandwich a few days since, with about as fine a lot of brook trout, of their own catch, as we have seen this season.

—Latest arrivals at the Mountain View House: Miss Dutch, Miss C. H. Dutch, Mr. Herbert Dutch, Master Chas. Dutch, Mr. Herbert Gregory, Winchester, Mass.; Mr. Richard Mead, Boston.

—The Grangers enjoyed a rich repast at their meeting Tuesday evening. When they all turn out they give our streets an appearance very like the leading city thoroughfares Let the good work proceed.

—Mr. Frank Watson, several years ago clerk in the drug store of the late G. M. Burleigh, but now a Michigan boot and shoe dealer, has been east for a few days viewing the scenes of his youth in Sandwich and Meredith.

—Landlord Gray, of the Elm House, has recently been indulging in a fine matched pair, together with a nice, two-seated covered carriage, by means of which he is able to present to his livery patrons the best "double hitch" in town.

—All residents of Centre Harbor tell us that the highway leading to our village is in better condition at this time than it has been for the past forty years. We take pleasure in giving praise to the surveyor for such meritorious work. It is what we need all about town.

—The band gave us a very fine open-air concert on the stand Saturday evening. Their progress is evidence of that interest required to make success of anything. They are to have a moonlight excursion next month, and it is hoped our people will give them a generous support.

—Read W. F. Knight & Tetreau's new advertisement.

—Petitions are made public for the laying out of four highways in town which seem to be demanded, viz: From near J. D. Bartlett's residence by S. M. Estes' to Main St.; from near J. D. Bartlett's residence to land of C. J. Mason; to avoid the J. M. Neal hill; and by the easterly corner of P. D. Blaisdell's store to land of Mrs. Ruth Collins.

—Now, public improvements are on the go, it would be an excellent idea for some of our good people to count on their finger's ends the number of good things certain people have [illegible] they have received. *Less* than one finger is sufficient for us to solve the problem on the one side, and the digits of both hands for the other. *Boodle* sticks out in glowing letters before the eyes of all who stop to think the matter over.

—Read W. F. Knight & Tetreau's new advertisement.

—We learn with pleasure that the Atkinson House Furnishing company to-day paid their fourth semiannual dividend of five per cent. The push and energy of its management has accomplished the difficult task of making a home company's stock sought after in this Maine of ours. Steadily moving forward, gaining a stronger foothold, and more highly esteemed daily by investor and customer. May they continue to prosper.—Portland Advertiser, July 10.

—Read W. F. Knight & Tetreau's new advertisement.

—I have eight farms of from 160 to 1000 acres each; some of them under a high state of cultivation, and situated in one of the best wheat and stock growing sections of the new state of North Dakota, which I will sell cheap, taking as pay therefor one-half of the crops until the land is paid for. This is a chance for any energetic young man to get a clear title to a good farm, on terms at which he can ordinarily RENT land. For full particulars and description of property, address, E. MAPES, Lakota, North Dak.

—One of our selectmen offers a very good suggestion by way of economy, which we deem worthy the thought of our townsmen. It is to consolidate the four highway districts about the village and place them in charge of one man. Purchase or erect a suitable building for the storage of the road machine and other tools, which are either outside or scattered about town, and last and best invest in a town team to do the work. We would suggest a stone crusher, that our hills may be treated with a dressing that will not succumb to every drop of dew.

—Now that the village is without any watering place at all, our people's attention is called to the necessity for providing a suitable one at once. By an interview with Capt. J. W. Lang on the subject, it is found that the use of a well supplied by a spring upon his land can be obtained, and at a nominal cost water can be conveyed to a trough in the square, which will not only be cool and pure for the thirsty beast, but excellent for human wants as well. There is now a fund of $32. collected by the NEWS, which added to a small sum, would give us a granite trough suitable for the purpose. Will our people move at once in the matter?

—The following are the arrivals at the Prospect House: Mrs. A. A. Dunlap, Cambridge, England; Miss Minnie Noble, Glasgow, Scotland; Miss Gretchen Aumuller, Germany; Miss Olive Grace Clagget, Lachine, Quebec; Mrs. A. H. McKean, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Chas. W. Folsom, Boston, Mass.; Mr. O. S. Corse, Miss J. E. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Graham C. Dunlap, Mrs. Allan Dunlap, Master Ansley Dunlap, Misses Gladys and Claire Dunlap, Prof. Chas. E. Moyse, McGill University, Mrs. Moyse, Masters Stirling and John Moyse, Miss Bacon, Miss McIntosh and Miss A. McIntosh, Montreal.

—The concreters are rapidly approaching the Town Hall. They have put in two crossings at the junction of Waukewan and Main St., and will place one across to the Elm House. We have it from the best authority that, when they get to the [illegible] used till satisfactory arrangements can be made, and the further progress down the hill will start from in front of Sanborn's drug store. That old nuisance, the village watering trough, which has served to disgust every right-thinking citizen for years, we trust has been moved back out of the street for all time. No further obstacle presents itself and we can soon rejoice for what we have, waiting for time only to make the work complete.

A thoroughbred gentleman—The baker.

Canada would be wiser to establish a three mile limit for American defaulters than for American fishermen.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is sold by Geo. F. Sanborn. Price, 50c.
14

BIRTHS.

—DAVIS—In Moultonboro', July 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren Davis, a son.

Administrator's Notice.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator, with will annexed, of the estate of Sarah B. Norris, late of Meredith, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all having claims to present them to the subscriber for adjustment.

DANIEL B. EATON, Administrator, with will annexed.

Meredith, July 16, 1889.

Executrix' Notice.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the estate of Jacob L. Merrill, late of Meredith deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all having claims to present them to the subscriber for adjustment.

MARY MERRILL, Executrix.

Meredith, N. H., July 16, 1889.

State of New Hampshire.

BELKNAP SS. SUPREME COURT.
SEPTEMBER TERM, 1889.

Edgar W. Smith of Centre Harbor, in said County, complains against Ida M. Smith, formerly of Centre Harbor, now of parts unknown, and says that he was married to said Ida M. Smith on the twenty-third day of June 1877, at Moultonborough in our County of Carroll, and has ever since lived in said Moultonborough and in said Centre Harbor, and has always been faithful to his marriage vows and obligations, yet the said Ida M. Smith, wholly regardless of the same, on or about the third of March, 1886, and more than three years before the filing of this libel, at said Centre Harbor without sufficient cause and without his consent, abandoned the libellant and during all of the time since said date to the day of filing this libel has refused and now refuses to cohabit with him: and for more than three years last past, to wit: from said third day of March, 1886 to the day of filing this libel, said Ida M. Smith has willingly absented herself from the libellant without sufficient cause and without his consent.

Wherefore the libellant prays that a divorce from the bonds of matrimony between himself and said Ida M. Smith may be decreed, and for such relief as may be just.

EDGAR W. SMITH.
S. W. ROLLINS, Solicitor for Libellant.

State of New Hampshire.

BELKNAP SS. CLERK'S OFFICE, SUPREME COURT.
July 9th, 1889.

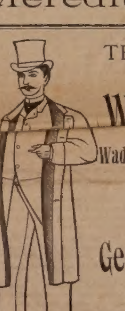
THE FOREGOING LIBEL having been this day filed in said office, it is ordered that the said Libellant give notice to the said Libellee to appear at the Supreme Court next to be holden at Laconia, in said County of Belknap, on the Fourth Tuesday of September, 1889, then and there to show cause, if any she have, why the prayer of said Libel should not be granted, by causing a true and attested copy of the foregoing Libel and this Order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the MEREDITH NEWS, a newspaper printed at Meredith in said County of Belknap, the last publication whereof to be at least thirty days prior to said fourth Tuesday of September, 1889, and also to cause a copy of the newspaper containing such notice to be forwarded by mail, post paid, to the last known residence of the Libellee, and to such near relative or friend of the Libellee as the Court may order, or by causing a certified copy of said Libel and of this Order thereon to be given to or left at the last and usual place of abode of the said Ida M. Smith fourteen days at least before said Court, and make return thereof.

Attest. R. P. THOMPSON, Clerk.

A true copy of the foregoing Libel and of the Order thereon.

Attest: E. P. THOMPSON, Clerk.

O. E. OSGOOD
THE POPULAR GARMENT OF THE SEASON
PEASANT
WATERPROOF CIRCULARS,
Wrappers, Tea Gowns, Boys' Waists, Girls' Tiers,
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COTTON UNDERWEAR
A SPECIALTY.
Special Bargain in a Black
SILK PARASOL
Gents' and Ladies' Umbrellas.
SUMMER CORSETS, GLOVES, HOSIERY,
—ALL KINDS OF—
WASH * MATERIAL * FOR * DRESSES.
Under Town Hall, Opp. Elm House,
Meredith, - N. H.



THE POPULAR STYLES
—IN BOTH—
Woolens and Garments
FROM THE SAME, MAY BE RELIED ON AT
Wadleigh's Merchant Tailoring Rooms,
Wiggin's Block,
Meredith, N. H.
THE VERY LATEST NOVELTIES IN OUR
Gents' Furnishing Goods
DEPARTMENT.
—AGENCY FOR—
Malden Dye House and Concord Steam Laundry.
J. S. WADLEIGH.

PEASE & TOWLE
Are Constantly Receiving Additions to Their Stock of
CHOICE GROCERIES
AND CANNED GOODS.
The Usual Line of
PAINTS, OILS AND HARDWARE.
MEREDITH, - - N. H.

Spring Opening
—AT—
AMBROSE'S
With a Large Variety of New Goods at prices as low as the lowest. We quote prices on ASH SETS from $18. upward; SPRING BEDS at $1.25; Lounges, at $5.50; 5 SPINDLE CHAIRS, 37 cents; CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES from $5.00 upwards; 4000 ROLLS PAPER hanging in stock, with BORDERS to match, etc., etc.
Thanking our patrons for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business and
LOW PRICES!
To merit a continuance of same.
Proof of pudding, etc. Call and see for yourselves.
Don't fail to get prices before buying.

FORCED APART

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Author of the "Wreck of the Grosvenor," "A Sailor's Sweetheart," Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

"Likely enough, my dear—he had the most noble face that iver I see on a man. What was he to thee? Your answer shall be sacred with me. Speak the worst, if harm hath come to ye. You'll find Judith Mead dumb as your heart."

"He was my husband," replied Jenny, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, for the secret was still so fresh that the revelation of it startled her to hear, though spoken with her own voice.

Mrs. Mead screwed up her eyes to look at the girl, until the upper part of her face was a mask of wrinkles.

"Your husband!" she exclaimed, in a tone and with a manner that would have made it impossible for a third person to know whether she believed the girl or not, for, as to Jenny, it could not occur to her that her word would be doubted. "Why, then, no wonder his going troubles ye."

"Oh, Mrs. Mead, why do you say 'his going?' He has not left his home, do you think? Is it not possible that he has somewhere met with an accident? Or has his father forced him to leave? On Wednesday he promised me to call last night on father and break the news of our marriage, for all this while was it our hidden secret. What should prevent him coming? Oh, Mrs. Mead, he loves me truly, and would be with me if he could come. Can he be dead? Oh, kind God! if I thought this I would kill myself, that I might be dead with him."

"My dear," said Mrs. Mead, slowly, and reflecting hard while she spoke, "he is not dead. Folks do not die like this without it being known. Where could he die? Coming to call on father? Then his body would ha' been found—for the Lord knows they've been searching closely enough; an' unless he's gone up to heaven, clothes an' all, like the Prophet Elijah, you may be sure he's walkin' about on this world somewheers, hale an' hearty. Did they tell 'ee there was a press-gang here last night? But ye mustn't look to that. They'd never take a slender man like him. Billy Basings they forced away, but he's a strapping sailor. Mr. Shaw's meat for their masters, and the wagabone plunderer 'ud never burn their fingers on him."

She shook her head emphatically.

"He's your husband, is he, my dear? That's beyond doubt, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Mead; we were married in a church in London three weeks ago."

"Ye're a soft little wench, and not larned in London ways. Are 'ee sure it was a church?"

"Oh yes, indeed—a large church!" exclaimed Jenny, gazing at the old woman with a new expression gathering in her eyes.

"Why, then, if you knows the name, and got the bit o' paper they gi'es ye when folks are married——"

"I do not know the name of the church. I do not think my husband ever mentioned it. If any bit of paper was given to us he will have it. I was ready to swoon for fear, and took no notice of anything, so scared was I. But this I have," she cried, drawing out a purse with quivering fingers and showing a wedding ring.

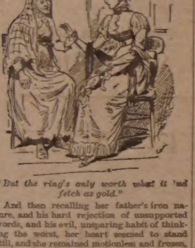
The old woman put it aside with a movement of her hand.

"You know if it be right wi' thee," said she; "but the ring's only worth what it 'ud fetch as gold."

Something in these words, something in the irrepressible leer that wrinkled the old woman's eyelids, took Jenny's breath away. And then instantaneously there flashed upon her the sense and knowledge of the false and fearful position she was placed in by her husband's disappearance.

She started to her feet.

"Oh, Mrs. Mead!" she half shrieked through her pale lips, "is it possible that my words will not be believed? Great God! will it be thought that I am not Cuthbert Shaw's wife?"



"But the ring's only worth what it 'ud fetch as gold."

And then recalling her father's iron nature, and his hard rejection of unsupported words, and his evil, unsparing habit of thinking the worst, her heart seemed to stand still, and she remained motionless and frozen, with her hands locked and her teeth clinched.

"Sit down, my dear, sit down, and do not run clane daft, for there's nothing heavy the matter yet," creaked the old woman, again inspecting Jenny closely, motioning her the while to be seated by arching her hands out of her shoulders like a rabbit's paws. "If he's your sweetheart, ye must have some faith in him, and maybe he'll be turning up in a day or two, and then the laugh'll be on thy side. Do ye hear?"

"He is my husband," said Jenny, in a sobbing whisper, breathing quickly.

"Well, well, husband or sweetheart, if he comes he'll be welcome, won't he now, dearie?"

"My husband!" shrieked the girl, with a wild stamp of the foot. "Will it not be believed?"

"Why, to be sure it will. But see. I'm an old, lorn woman, who knows the world as thy father knows the Bible—all the harm of it, my dear; and if you was my child, this would I say—hold thy peace about your marriage until you can show proof, that Satan himself wouldn't doubt, that young Mr. Shaw is thy husband. What! will you make envious wenches and their flabbergoon mothers believe ye by saying, 'I do not know the name of the church where I was married, and I have no bit o' paper' (the Lard knows what them things are called) 'to prove that Mr. Shaw is my husband, and 'tis the truth itself that ne'er a living cratur', my own father not excepting, knew that I was Shaw's wife until this blessed day, when my husband hath left me to give the news o' my marriage alone?'"

She ceased, leering shrewdly, with a forefinger against her nose.

The stunned look that had settled upon Jenny's face while the old woman was speaking passed a moment or two after she ceased, and a strange and striking character was given to her beauty by an expression which it seems absurd to describe as a mingling of despair and determination, yet which assuredly suggested both these qualities.

"I see that a great trouble has come upon me; but in the sight of God my heart is pure," she said in a low but steady voice. "Mrs. Mead speak to me honestly and tell me what you think has become of my husband."

"My honesty won't ease you, my dear, and the Lard knows I may be wrong, though folks think that it's the devil as gives me wisdom," said the old woman, showing her fangs with a grin of ill-dissembled triumph; for in her own mind she had no doubt of the motive of Cuthbert's disappearance, and was flattered with the facile mastery that put her far ahead of the town's surmises.

"Pray answer me. I have the heart to listen to anything now, Mrs. Mead."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Mead, speaking slowly, intermitting her words for the sake of filling the spaces between with deliberate nods and shakes of the head, "they'll be thinking this of thee—that you are not married, and that Mr. Shaw hath left you to bear your shame alone. They'll argey that the son of th' old popinjay up at the school house 'ud never match with Mike Strangfield's darter, and that he hath ruined 'ee with promises. And maybe they'll say that th' old doctor's in the secret, and hath got his son away slyly to save him from the deacon, unless you shall defeat the liars by sure proof of thy marriage, and that you must get about quickly."

Jenny stood looking at her with a steady, vacant gaze, as though she did not heed what was being said, and, with the same absent manner, was moving toward the door.

"How shall you get about it, dearie? You do not ask?"

"How!" exclaimed the girl, pausing. "If my husband does not come to me, I am quite helpless."

"Why, who should help 'ee but thy father! Let him go to work. He hath money and strength. If I was his wife he'd not sit idly cursing."

And at the notion of the deacon cursing, she set up a creaking laugh. But such advice was lead instead of life to the poor heart that heard it.

"Good-by, Mrs. Mead," said she, "if you have news to comfort me, you will not keep me waiting for it?"

"Trust me! I'll do my best. But I'll not come anear thy house, though I had young Mr. Shaw in my arms. I'm none so dear to th' deacon but that he'd bile me in his pitch caldron, could he find a reason for murderin' me i' the Bible. As to thy mammy— But there, dear heart! if I have good news you shall have it quickly."

With pathetic effort to smile a farewell, Jenny left the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

HER FATHER-IN-LAW.

Her face like marble, but with no lack of determination in it, Jenny walked down the grimy court and crossed the market place. She halted a moment to deliberate which way she should take to Greystone school. She chose the way of the sands, and down to the beach she went, with drooping head and frightened peeps at the people who passed her; for on her now was cruel sense of heavy shame, and the despair that bares the nerves of the heart for the sunshine and human eyes to torture.

Crossing the space of shingle on which lay the fishing boats roasting in the sun, she toiled along the sand toward the ravine which led to Greystone school. When she caught sight of the schoolhouse the pulse of her heart grew smaller, and her feet dragged. To the nervous, modest girl, whose shy spirit all the might and fire of love had scarcely endowed with bravery enough to keep her bold in secret meetings with her own husband—whose coming to him was always a sweet scamper to his heart and breathless concealment there until blushes waned under kisses, and courage rose in whispers—thoughts of an interview with the haughty little doctor, whose fiery prejudice had earned him hate and fame among the sect she belonged to—who had held her own Cuthbert in awe and was always named by him with fear—was terrifying, indeed.

But, then, what would become of her if she had not spirit to push her quest into the presence of the one man who could, if he chose (as she believed), give her more information concerning her husband than all the rest of the town put together? Bravely she stepped forward under a supporting impulse, and walked firmly to the door of the house.

The servant who answered the summons happened to be a Greystone woman, and knew Jenny well by sight. Much surprised she looked to behold the daughter following the father so quickly, for the deacon had not left the house five minutes when Jenny arrived.

"Can I see Dr. Shaw?"

"Yes, miss, I think so," replied the servant, taking it for granted that Jenny knew her father had just called. "Will you walk in, please?"

Now, Dr. Shaw was at this moment vehemently pacing the study, and revolving, with mingled emotions of horror, doubt and rage, the communication Strangfield had made to him. Five minutes is no time for such spirits as his to grow calm in; and, with a desperate frown upon his forehead, he was muttering eagerly to himself, and in a quite audible key, when Jenny was announced.

"Show her in!" he exclaimed, astounded, and rooted himself against the table, confounded by this utterly unexpected and entirely new condition of the trouble that had come upon him.

The strange, pale beauty of Jenny's face, and the hint of pride, and the sorrowful dignity in her manner which were there through her hard and violent effort after courage, made the old man stare at her with unaffected surprise. Then, with an elaborate old-fashioned bow, he saluted her, and coming round the table, placed a chair. She addressed him at once in a sweet, plaintive voice, fixing her sad eyes on him.

"I have to beg your pardon for calling on you, but I am seeking my husband, whose home is here. They tell me he is gone; but I cannot believe that he would have left me without sending me a message; and, in my sorrow, whom should I come to but my husband's father!—though indeed, indeed, nothing but my misery would have made me intrude upon you."

"No intrusion, Miss — Miss Strangfield—at least, ahem! I am so much taken by surprise, madam, so little qualified at this moment to—to——"

The old gentleman smothered his incoherence with another bow, and, pulling out his snuffbox, looked shyly and frowningly upon the floor.

"It should have been Cuthbert's duty to tell you we are married. I knew he had not done so, for last night he was to have seen father and broken the news to him; but he did not come, and this morning they say he is gone. Oh, Dr. Shaw! can you tell me where he is? Do you know? Have pity on me, sir! Without him I am very, very lonely; and if he does not bear witness to what I say I—I——"

The poor girl broke down, biting her lip to subdue her tears, lest the sight of them should anger the old gentleman.

"I positively assure you that I am as ignorant of his whereabouts as yourself," he replied hastily, that she might not labor under a wrong impression one moment longer than he could help. "His ungrateful conduct has wounded me to the heart. All last night I sat up waiting for him, not doubting that he would return. But—may I ask you if you are aware that your father has just left me?"

She shook her head.

"He and I have been discussing the subject, and I can only trust," continued the doctor, "that, to my son's unnatural conduct to his father, he has not added a deeper, a more unpardonable, an inexpiable offense."

"I am truly his wife, sir."

"Truly! Pray forgive me; I may lay rough fingers on a wound my heart would choose they should touch tenderly. But let me ask you, when were you married to my son?" said the doctor, forcing his voice into a tone of suave composure; for emotion could not be permitted to qualify his dear delight in asserting his elegance and breeding.

"Three weeks ago," replied Jenny anxiously, with her heart beating painfully, for she feared the next question.

"He was in London three weeks ago. He went for a little holiday, as at that time I suspected his depression, or absent fits were owing to the monotony of our scholastic discipline. Were you in London then?"

"No, sir; I was at Sydenham stopping with my aunt Rachel. I met Cuthbert, by appointment, on a Wednesday morning at the bottom of the hill on the road to Dulwich, and there we took the coach that passed and afterward, when we reached London, he put me into a hackney coach and we drove to a church, where we were married."

The doctor applied a pocket handkerchief to his forehead.

"A strange rascal!" he muttered to himself. "I had never given him credit for so much duplicity." And then he sighed and looked through the window and, recollecting himself, forced his voice into suavity once more and said:

"I represented to your father that nothing could be easier than to prove your marriage. If, as I do not doubt," (with a bland wave of the hand) "you are my son's wife, I—I scarcely know whether there be cause to offer you my congratulations. Since he has played his father a vile trick there is nothing to hinder him from deceiving you. But each to his kind; you to your father, to whom you are accountable, and my son to me—when he chooses to return."

His whole manner had changed with these words, and he addressed her with an icy hauteur of gaze.

Jenny looked at him fixedly for some moments, with a wonderful gaze of mingled consternation and disdain, and rose.

"I did not come here in expectation of finding sympathy or kindness," she exclaimed, with a bitterness that took a keener acidulation from the very beauty that should have failed to warrant it. "You know whose daughter I am; and what you think of my father Cuthbert has often told me. I have called to know if you can give me tidings of my husband. Doubt my honor as you please, sir; but in God's name, answer me my question."

"I have answered that question," he replied.

"Many of the elder boys of the school and several of the men were dispatched by me this morning to search the shore and the neighborhood, and likewise are inquiries still being made in places beyond Greystone. If I obtain information, be sure that I shall cause it speedily to be conveyed to you. Should he ever return," he continued, in slightly depressed tones, "this trouble he has brought upon you is an account to be settled between him and me, with an adjusting he will not relish."

She was standing near the door, and he was raising his hand to pull the bell; but she had not done with him yet. The change in his manner from the blandness to hauteur, from a kind of tenderness, at least, to a demeanor of blank indifference to her sorrow, deepened her doubt of his sincerity, and, failing to find in this old man any such sorrowing after his son as should prove him honest to her own mourning heart, a feverish suspicion that he was holding back the truth seized her.

"You can tell me, sir, that he has not left me for good! Say some little word to give me hope! For *his* sake, Dr. Shaw—he loves me truly!" she cried, with her hands clasped.

The doctor was affronted by her doubt of him, for it was plain in her recurrent appeal.

"I have answered that I am as ignorant as you—perhaps more ignorant," he said, frowning at her.

"Last night," she continued, too bitterly yearning after hope to be abashed by his manner, or even to heed the cruel suggestiveness of his words, "he was to have seen father. This he promised, and I was to watch for him at my window. Oh, sir, he would not have bid me wait for him had he meant to deceive me; for, indeed, he loves me fondly. A gentleman from this school, who called on mother this morning, said that he had seen him leave your house in the evening; and to father he was coming—oh, be sure! Who stopped him, then? Was he followed and set upon? If he had died, or by an accident been killed, his body would have been found. Do you know where he is? Tell me, sir! The Lord God, who hears me declare it, judges me; and before Him I swear thy son was my husband!"

Now, but for the continued and affronting suspicion informing the girl's words, this piteous appeal, taking tragic pathos from wild dry eyes and outstretched hands and shrill intensity of tone, must have roused the doctor though his heart of flesh had been as hard as a pet prejudice. But he was so extremely mortified to find his word—his word, too!—doubted by this wench, that anger came down on all kindly stirrings with a weight of lead, and false perceptions pricked him. For who was this woman but pigheaded Strangfield's daughter? And might not all this bother be a mere trick of the enemy—a plot speedily hatched out of Cuthbert's strange disappearance, to mortify the dignified cultured, well-bred foe of dissent, and champion of orthodoxy and divine rights?

He rang the bell.

"A direct answer had been given you," he said, "and you must excuse me for declining to continue this conversation. I trust, madam, for your own sake, that you will be able to establish the fact of your honorable connection with my son."

And, with dislike and contempt on his face, he made her a short bow. Without another word she passed through the door, which the servant held open, and left the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOME AGAIN.

She walked slowly down the hot and dusty road toward the town. Now, far more keenly than before her visit to the schoolhouse, did she feel the bitterness of her trouble.

Along the dusty road she went—the high crops motionless on either hand, the land around (in sheen of silver barley and yellow wheat, and the lustrous green of meadow grass) trembling in the steam of the sweltering earth—and felt a homeless woman, unloved, and sinful, too.

She came at last to the shadow of the wayside trees under which she had met Cuthbert; and here, with no eye to see her, and passionate memories crowding piteous misery into her aching heart, she stopped and flung herself upon the grass, and tried to relieve her burning eyes with tears.

A long while she lingered here, dreading to return home.

Time passed rapidly and unheeded, and the shadows of the trees had grown well into the road when she rose to her feet, disturbed by the town clock striking the half-hour after three. The thought of meeting her father was almost unbearable; yet home she must go, for where was other shelter for her?

Before this time her fear of the deacon was in his anger, when he should learn that she had deceived him by her secret marriage. Nothing more had her innocence then to dread; though enough had been here to furnish her with dismal contemplation and trembling apprehension, and an insupportable yearning for the permanent companionship of her husband, that discovery might never catch her without the prop of his love and presence at hand for her weakness. But now her husband was gone, and, by going, had left her exposed to dreadful suspicion. He was gone, and she was left alone to justify her purity, to encounter the wrath of her father, stirred to his deepest heart by infamous doubt.

What, then, was she to do? for when she fell to consider how she should prove her marriage, she found another blank as maddeningly perplexing as Cuthbert's disappearance.

She well remembered the marriage morn; how, with a faint voice and pale face, she told aunt Rachel she was going for a walk, and bade her not to be surprised if she delayed her return, for she loved the pretty scenery around, and to linger among the trees.

She well remembered the beating of her heart when, at the bottom of the deep and shady lane, she beheld Cuthbert waiting for her, and how she had nearly swooned when he hailed the passing coach to Southwark, and handed her into it.

Likewise she well remembered how they had emerged into a crowded street, along which he had hurried her into another street, where he called a hackney carriage, and they were driven down interminable streets at which she never glanced, for her white face was hidden on Cuthbert's shoulder, and she had needed all the cordial of his constant, passionate, reassuring whispers to save her from fainting.

And how at last the carriage stopped before a church—a gloomy, heavy, city edifice—so that it seemed to her that they had to grope their way along the avenue of high pews to the altar railing, where speedily a thin voice read the service that made her the wife of the man at her side.

The acted portion of it all was a vague memory; her love for the man who had induced her to secretly wed him was only reality.

Four o'clock was chiming when she reached home. Long before this had Mrs. Strangfield grown weary of watching at the window, and with deep anxiety had gone back to seek the girl in the town. Polly was singing in the kitchen as she scrubbed the floor, so that Mr. Strangfield in the parlor did not hear Jenny enter, nor her light footstep as she went upstairs.

At her bedroom door she halted, with such a shock of surprise and consternation as the sight of a dead man might have produced on her; for all about the window the floor was littered with her husband's sacred letters, heedlessly tossed and lying open with their ribbon-bindings among them.

She well knew whose hand had done this, and, recovering herself, entered the room, closed the door and removed her hat, moving softly, and all the while looking at the letters.

This done, she knelt down and gathered together the precious missives, pressing them often to her pale lips, and narrowly inspecting the carpets for bits of the dry forget-me-nots and other fragments of flowers which had fallen from the letters under Strangfield's angry handling of them.

Scarcely had she replaced the papers in her desk when she heard her father's steps on the stairs. He entered his bedroom, but speedily emerged, being struck, perhaps, to find Jenny's door closed.

He turned the handle sharply and exclaimed:

"Ah, you be here, then? Your mother has gone to look for you. You are well practiced in treading softly. Where have you been?"

"I have been to the schoolhouse to seek my husband," she answered, returning his stern gaze with a look of despairing resolution.

"And you have not found him?"

"No, father, no!" she replied, with a shriek in her voice.

"If he be your husband, why has he left you?" he said, speaking as a judge might in preface to condemning a man to death.

She shook her head and locked her twitching fingers, no longer meeting his eyes, for the bitterness in them was insupportable.

He approached the bed and leaned heavily upon the frame of it.

"Woman! in my heart you are condemned for treachery to me and your mother. Yet I have said to myself, in the words of the Preacher, 'Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry!' and now, if you find me so, you shall rebuke me. Jenny, for what you have this day told your mother, I hate my own flesh that you should be a part of it. Yet I will be merciful. You shall prove to me that you sin is not the dishonor of your parent's name, nor the destruction of your soul in the eyes of Almighty God. Do you heed me? You shall prove this."

She made no answer.

"Speak!" he cried. "Show me how this may be done."

She looked at him with terrified eyes, for no courage that she had could combat her instinctive fear of him. He waited for her reply.

"Tell me what I am to do, father! indeed, I will obey you. I am truly his wife. God, who hears me, knows that I am not speaking falsely. With this ring he wedded me, father."

And with trembling hand she sought in her pocket for her purse.

"Nay, nay, I have no wish to see it. Such a matter signifies nothing. Better tricks than such tokens cannot fool old eyes. Tell me where you were married."

"In London, father."

"Ay, in London. At what church?"

"I do not know the name; it has slipped my memory. Or my husband never mentioned it," she replied, with an expression on her face that should have told her father to press her no further.

"By whom were you married?"

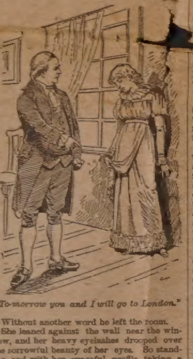
"I did not see—I was frightened. The church was dark, and I did not lift my eyes, and we were but a moment signing our names."

A look of savage incredulity—the skepticism of a man stirred to the most hidden and deadly forces of his nature—shot into his face. He gazed at her for some moments in silence, and then, in a voice that, for the hollowness of it, sounded as though it rose from under his feet, said:

"It is as I before said—you remember nothing. But their wedding is a thing all women remember; and it is strange you should so soon forget yours, when your mother will tell you everything that befell on her wedding day, twenty-three years ago. Would you know the church if you saw it?"

"Yes, father, I—I think so—I do not know, father."

"To-morrow you and I will go to London," said he. "Make up a little box of things, for this business may keep us. In the morning, at seven, we start. Be in readiness!"



"To-morrow you and I will go to London."

Without another word he left the room.

She leaned against the wall near the window, and her heavy eyelashes drooped over the sorrowful beauty of her eyes. So standing, and with her graceful profile taking a delicate transparency from the light shining through the window, and the soft fulness of her perfect form ripely figured on the white ground of paper that supported her, never more lovely had she looked; and the shimmer of her yellow hair was the trembling of evening sunshine on the water.

Deep grief is always quiescent, and the deepest grief was shrined in this gentle woman. That she was not guiltless only made her sorrow the more moving. She had erred in deceiving father and mother, in privily, without home's blessing, undertaking the sacred obligation of marriage. Yet how hardly was she dealt with! how cruel the interpretation of a deed of faithful love! And why had Cuthbert left her! How bitterly hard that any act of *his* should be beyond the skill of her heart to construe! Yet her glorious fidelity could not hold him faithless.

In this wise thinking, with an impulsive movement she drew forth her purse and slipped her wedding ring on, kissed it wildly, and, with a quick toss of her hands, fell with face upon the bed, weeping bitterly.

This posture was she in when her mother entered the room. The poor woman ran to her quickly.

"You have come back, my darling! Where hast thou been all this long time? Jenny, do not cry so—my heart will break if you grieve in this way. Has father been saying unkind things to thee, my pretty? Come, come, it is not all hopeless yet. Truly I believe that Mr. Shaw is thy husband; and be sure, be sure he will return, for no man with his beauty is heartless, and he would not have married thee, Jenny, to leave thee in this way!"

She raised the girl from the bed and led her to a chair, and, kneeling by her, pillowed her head in her bosom.

"Oh, mother, is it not too cruel that I should lose my husband and be doubted by father! To-morrow he means to take me to London to show him the church; for he will not believe me without dragging me a weary journey. And God knows what I shall do when we reach London, for I do not remember the name of the church, nor the street where it stands, and I have told him I was too scared to take notice. And would not a young girl like me be frightened, mother, in that great place, and acting wrongly, although I was with my darling?"

"To-morrow does he take you to London! Oh, what a strange, hard man! Why, all day you will be traveling; and cannot he see that you have no strength?" cried Mrs. Strangfield, rising from her knees; and, with a hot, indignant look, she swept out of the room, and went to her husband, whom she found in the act of quitting the house.

"Michael, I must speak to thee. What are you going to do with Jenny? If you break her heart you will kill us both, and that indeed you are doing!" she cried, shrilly.

With his hand on the latch of the house door he stared at her with a contemptuous sternness, then with a stride made for the parlor, and closed the door upon them both.

"Jane, subdue your voice, and speak to me respectfully. You are the girl's mother, and I will listen to you; but I am her father, and mine is the name she has blasted. Do you heed that? It is Michael Strangfield's daughter whom the people are talking about. Remember this, and now say your mind."

"For shame! for shame! to speak of her as having blasted your name!" replied Mrs. Strangfield, quite unable to control her voice. "Hath she not told you that Mr. Shaw is her husband? The wedding ring is now on her finger—as good a ring as this—and if she be not an honorable wife, then my name is my father's. What! you would take the poor heart to London, when she declares that in her fright she took no notice of the street and church! Would not a stout spirit be scared by what she'd do, with thee, as her father, to terrify her conscience! Why, myself, when you are baring me with your strong voice, lose my head and know not what I am about. And shall our little wench have stronger brains than her mother—at a time, too, which makes the best of women tremble and keep their eyes down in modesty and awe, though their parents are with them and kind friends to give them heart for the journey? For shame! to doubt her! What think you is her sin?"

"Understand this!" he shouted with fury, and his eyes in a blaze; "if she says she knows not the church wherein she was married, nor can show it me, nor the book wherein their names should be written, nor the man that married them, and hath no more evidence than a ring which a crown piece would buy for any harlot, I'll know her for what she is—and no tears from her, nor insolence from thee, shall change me!"

She held out her hands in the attitude of one fending off an attack.

"Never could I have believed it of thee, Michael!" she said, in a voice of indescribable reproach, and turned to leave him.

"Stay!" he commanded. "Before you go, give me your reason for opposing me."

Too insulted by his words about her child to confront him, she replied:

"She has not the strength to travel to London; and why would you take her there? She tells thee plainly she will not know the church, though she see it, and its name was never mentioned to her by Mr. Shaw."

"You believe her?" he said, with deep-toned sarcasm.

"As I believe in the Lord!" cried the mother, eagerly, turning her swimming eyes upon him.

"You shall credit her if you please, but your faith in her innocence does not purify her. Give me proof of her honesty, and, though I scorn her for her deceit, yet you shall see me use her gently. Am I to stand still under this shame that has come upon me and mine, and make no effort to clear it away, that our light may shine again before men! She does not lack strength to seek her husband, and since noon has she been wandering in the heat. Though we had to travel a thousand miles for proof of her honor, would the journey be too long? Let God forgive her for sending me in my old age from my home, to clear her name of foul suspicion—if it can be done! Go now and repeat my words to her, and let her be in readiness to start with me at the hour I named. No more!" he cried, with a stamp of the foot, holding up his hand. "Too much have you already said. Bid her keep to her room, for I'll not meet her this day."

And passing his wife, he flung open the door and left the house.

"The Lord have mercy upon him, and forgive him his sins," moaned poor Mrs. Strangfield to herself.

Not immediately could she return to Jenny. She had bargained on controlling her husband, by her appeal, from taking the girl to London, and, being defeated, wanted time to recover her heart to meet the poor child.

She must have a good cry before she went to her; and cry she did, heartily thinking all the while of the proud position she might hold as Cuthbert's mother-in-law—the envy of all tattlers—if Michael would only take things quietly and leave her to manage a bit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BITTER RESOLVE.

All the evening Jenny had remained in her room, and had but now, at this hour of ten, which was even tolling, said good-night to her mother, parting with her after a long embrace, and with a prayer that God would bless her tender love. Then did she lock her door, and sit and listen; and presently heard both father and mother come to their bedroom, and the murmur of their voices.

In those old times there used to be in fashion a little traveling box, light to carry, with a strap across the lid that the arm might sling it, and much used by country folk.

One of these boxes stood on the floor, and the packing of it, with many a long halt for a sobbing fit, and active protest and hopeful reassurance, had been Mrs. Strangfield's occupation for a part of the evening. Presently rising, Jenny went to the box and tried its weight. Light enough it was—with a single change of apparel only; yet she took a turn with it about the room (treading on tiptoe) as if to make sure that it was not a burden above her strength.

She was restless and could not remain quiet. Now she would draw out her purse and count the money that it held; now she would approach the glass and gaze at the spectral, mournful beauty of her white face; anon, and with no more sound than a mouse creeping, she would pace the room; until the fever in her waned, and the passionate spurring of thought ceased to lacerate and drive. Whereupon she extinguished the light and took a place at the window, and surrendered herself to contemplation of the stars.

Manifestly she meant to take no rest that night, or was very long in going to it.

One would have had no need for sharp eyes to look at Jenny's face and know her as a girl on the eve of some wild business. To-morrow morning was she to be carried a long and sorrowful journey by her father, and when in London, from church to church they were to wander; and all the while her heart was to burn in the fire of his wrath, and her sacred purity to be blackened by his thoughts of it. Her ignorance of matters which, had she but foreseen all this, would have been easy to learn and remember, was so deep that even her mother had groaned over her that evening. The very neighborhood wherein Cuthbert had hired lodgings during his holiday in London she did not know; she had never had occasion to write to him. He had come to Sydenham and met her by an appointment planned before they left Greystone, and all their arrangements were verbally concerted with never a hitch of weather to disappoint them, and that was why no letters had passed.

So, then, the London parish in whose church they were united was unknown to her. No light could she give, beyond taking God's holy name in witness that she spoke the truth, which only her mother believed.

But the uselessness of the journey, and the fear of her father's anger if failure should attend their search, were not the first causes of her present resolution.

That night, she resolved, would be the last she should ever pass in the old wooden house. Call her mad if you please—and few such desperate resolves but have madness at bottom; but there was courage, too, a virtuous audacity, and of a most womanly sort, acting without reflection; that is, influenced by the present that was driving her and taking no thought of the future upon which she was rushing.

The church clock was striking the half hour after eleven, when with a shiver she rose from her chair at the open window, and, stealing to the bedroom door, opened it noiselessly, and listened. The deep breathing in the adjacent apartment where her parents lay, the fall of an ember in the kitchen grate, the loud ticking of a clock, were the only sounds audible.

Leaving the door ajar, she put on her hat, to which a veil was attached, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and raised the little trunk. There was clear moonlight abroad now, and light enough reflected to give distinctness to all objects in the room. On tiptoe she descended the staircase, and, the better to make her exit soundless, went through the kitchen. In a few moments she had lightly drawn the bolts of the back door, and stood in the moonlight.

The night was soft and sweet with dew, and the mild stars shone lustrously. Now, was it that the cool air and the deserted length of the High street, and the black shadows of the soaring town, brought to her an unutterable sense of homelessness, and the chill and terror of the lonesome state. She came round to the front of the house, and under the gloom of the bay tree paused and reflected, not daring to lift her eye to her parents' bedroom window.

She crept softly out of the darkness and crossed the road and went up the street, hugging the shadow of the houses. When abreast of the market place, again was she seized with a numbing sense of helplessness and a great agony of spirit. The sympathy of a human voice—some one to tell her story to and take advice from, she wanted, and perhaps the very last person whom it would have entered her head to apply to under any other circumstances she now resolved to seek.

This was Mrs. Mead, who had shown her some kindness that morning, and the sort of sympathy that was not likely to thwart if it did not profit her.

So she flitted like some restless spirit through empty stalls and vacant, silent gloom, and, hesitating a moment before Mrs. Mead's door, knocked lightly.

Although there was no light in Mrs. Mead's window, the old woman was not asleep, having not two minutes before Jenny's arrival extinguished her tallow candle and got into bed. Hearing a sound that resembled a knock at the door, the old woman lifted her ear out of the pillow and listened. After a little interval the knock was repeated, and there being no mistake about the noise this time, Mrs. Mead, greatly wondering, darted her withered legs out of bed, struck a light swathed her old form in the counterpane, which she plucked from the bed, went to the door and opened it, holding the candle over her head.

She instantly recognized Jenny, and uttered a cry of astonishment.

"Michael Strangfield's girl! At this time o' night! Seekin' of me, too! Lord, Lord! what is the matter?"

"Let me come in and speak to you, Mrs. Mead," said the girl in a low whisper. "I am leaving father and mother for good, but have no strength to walk all the way to Winston without a living voice to give me a word of comfort and advise me."

"To Winston! This time o' night! But come in, come in!" cried the old woman, lowering her voice with involuntary relish of this new mystery that had come to her very door, and looking backward at the staircase to make sure the tailor was not listening.

"Leaving father and mother for good!" said she, leading Jenny to a chair, and pushing the candle close to her that she might see her face. "Whatever are you doing that for?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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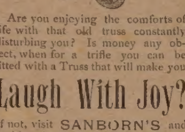

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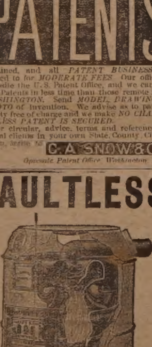

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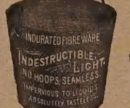

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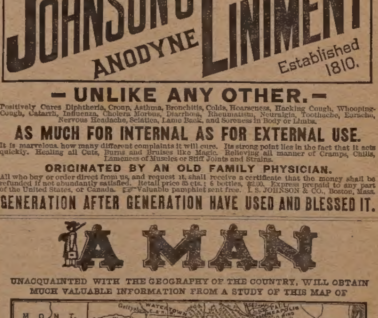

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Mystery of Deadman's Flat.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

The acquaintance struck up between Jack Newenham and John Smith during the scuffle did not end with it. Smith came into town from his "claim" away in the mountains every day. Nobody but himself knew why he came, because the facilities for gambling, drinking and fighting, which were apparently the chief attractions to the rest of his mates, were never made use of by him.

If he generally came in the company of half a dozen miners bent "on the spree," he nearly always went back alone; and it was noticed that he was usually alone during the hour or two he stayed in the town. He would, in a lazy, indifferent fashion, drop off from the rest of the party when they reached the outskirts of the town, and pursue his own course, which generally ended at the "Red Unicorn." There he lounged about the bar room, or leaned smoking against the fence that shut off the small inclosure in front of the building from the square until it was time to go home. It was here, rather earlier than usual, that Jack Newenham found him on the evening after the scuffle.

The young Englishman thanked him again for his aid, and Mr. John Smith received the thanks with coldness and curt indifference. That sudden glimpse of good breeding and education displayed the night before was the only one Jack Newenham detected. To-night Mr. John Smith was no different from the men who surrounded him. He did not receive Jack Newenham's advances in a friendly spirit—he even tried to repel them. But Newenham, partly from gratitude, partly from curiosity, was determined to keep up the acquaintance. He had tried to express a sense of his obligation to Mr. Snaresbrook, who at least bore unmistakably the stamp of a gentleman. But during all that day Mr. Snaresbrook had been simply incapable of receiving any thanks for favors conferred, and so Newenham had been obliged to defer his expression of gratitude till a more convenient time. He began to speak of this gentleman to John Smith, when he had at last succeeded in showing the latter that he had no intention of being repulsed.

"He is a gentleman," he said; "at least I should judge so from what I saw and heard of him last night."

"He was a gentleman," was the curt answer, as John Smith knocked the ashes from his pipe, preparatory to refilling it.

The young Englishman gazed thoughtfully across the square, as he leaned his folded arms upon the fence.

"Such a life as this must be something terrible to men who have been brought up in civilized surroundings," he said, abruptly.

He looked a little curiously at his companion as he spoke; he did not want to pry into his affairs, but he wondered how he, who was evidently a gentleman, could bear life at Deadman's Flat; but John Smith appeared thoroughly indifferent.

"There's something under it all," he answered carelessly, "which isn't as rotten as the surface. I reckon you'll find the men aren't all brutes—and the women"— He stopped abruptly, for Mrs. Kezah had appeared in the doorway and was bearing down upon them.

"I hope she isn't going to make a row," muttered John Smith, preparing for flight.

Mrs. Kezah, however, was fairly pacific and thoroughly anxious.

"A pretty sort of man you are, John Smith," she said, with much rustling of her starched cotton gown, as she stopped before the two young men, "leading men to perdition, as if they wasn't a-goin' there fast enough of themselves, and draggin' sweet innocent girls, who ought to have a 'ome like 'eaven for their goodness, with them!"

Jake Newenham stared, considerably bewildered and astonished at this confused—if earnest—form of address; but Mr. John Smith apparently understood, for he flushed and looked very uncomfortable. Mr. Snaresbrook had paid him an early visit at the camp that morning, and had requested to be allowed to sit in John Smith's cabin for a little while, to sleep off the headache which his walk under the burning sun had given him. John Smith, knowing that there was nothing more dangerous in the cabin than a little cold tea, had consented. When he returned from his work at noonday, he found that Mr. Snaresbrook had decamped. With sundry misgivings, and many prickings of conscience, he had hastily searched a small hiding place where he kept a trifling store of money, and, as he had expected, not a cent remained. Mr. Snaresbrook had of course "made tracks" for the nearest "bottling works." The discovery had caused John Smith much uneasiness all day. Between him and his work would rise the pale reproachful face of Snaresbrook's daughter. He felt that he was morally responsible for any state the confirmed drunkard might now be in. But for the uneasiness and discomfiture caused by this event he would not have walked over to Deadman's Flat that evening, for he had reasons of his own for not wishing to meet the Englishman whom he had rescued from the tender mercies of the Law and Justice committee.

Mrs. Kezah's vehement reproaches confirmed his suspicions. He listened in silence as she stormed at his wickedness in giving money to such a guzzling, shameless creature, while his poor daughter was breaking her heart over him already. They had found out that he had paid that morning visit to the camp; and, as he had not a penny when he started, and came home plentifully provided, they all concluded that John Smith had given him the means to indulge in his pet vice.

"And only last night he promised his poor dear daughter that he wouldn't drink another drop! He even gave her up every cent he had, so as not to be led into temptation; and then the first thing you do is to fling him into the mire again. Do you call that generosity? I call it a very bad piece of work indeed—downright disgraceful!"

John Smith, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, thought it was; but he did not explain the situation, nor how little his own generosity had had to do with the matter. The loss of that small store meant considerable disappointment to himself; but that did not for a moment trouble his thoughts. He was abashed, confused, dismayed. He could think only of Elaine, and that, through his unpardonable carelessness, he had added to her pain and sorrow. Newenham, although he did not know the rights of the case, was quite sorry for him.

"It cuts her to the quick—all because of that solemn promise of his—the old villain!" exclaimed Mrs. Kezah. "And here you are sticking here like a leech, when she is wandering about the place to try to bring home the wretch whose blood may be on your head! Where on earth is the man going to now?"

While Mrs. Kezah spoke, John Smith, thrusting his pipe into his pocket, had leaped over the fence, and was striding off towards the long red road, which the darkness would soon hide from view.

"What a firebrand he is!" exclaimed the good woman, turning to Jack Newenham; but that young man was also disappearing over the fence, and a few moments later she saw him join John Smith, so she retired into the building, shaking her head deprecatingly.

John Smith's opinion of her had not been far wrong. When he had found her, at the end of that stormy scene with her partner, and had explained the condition of the friendless traveler outside, she had first declared that no power on earth would induce her to receive into her house the daughter of such a drunken old scoundrel. John Smith's entreaties, however, uttered with all the old grace that had once made it so easy for him to win favors of women in a very different rank, had some effect upon her. She went out to see the "minx," as she called her, and then the "minx" did the rest for herself. Half an hour later Elaine was established in the "Red Unicorn," with Mrs. Kezah fussing about her as if she had been her own daughter, restored after a long absence.

Mr. Snaresbrook himself seemed to have taken up his quarters for good at the "Red Unicorn," in spite of Mrs. Kezah's endeavors to keep him out. Since the arrival of his daughter, however, she had made no further attempt to drive him away, and she even confined her abuse of him to his own ears.

Jack Newenham had not yet seen Elaine. He simply concluded that she was one of the loud voiced, red cheeked and gaudily dressed young women who formed the marriageable lady population of Deadman's Flat; and, when he saw how much John Smith had been disturbed at the thought of having wounded her feelings, he felt sorry for him. He could not help thinking that there was something more in the young man's mental disturbance than the simple chivalrous vexation at having disappointed a woman.

He felt more sorry than ever for him when he overtook him on the red, dusty road, and saw how pale his face had grown. This convinced him that the interest John Smith took in Miss Snaresbrook must be very strong indeed. Smith seemed to know where he was going, so Newenham let him alone and marched silently by his side, both men smoking.

John Smith walked on for some distance, paying but very little attention to the scene around him; perhaps he had grown accustomed to such sights, for he came by this road every day that he walked over to Deadman's Flat. Suddenly turning an abrupt bend in the road, they found themselves at the foot of a steep ascent, on the summit of which, clearly outlined against the yellow evening sky, was the slender figure of a girl, who was standing quite still, looking away from them. There was something so intensely pathetic in her patient attitude that even Jack Newenham, although he did not know what vigil she was keeping, felt his heart softened at the sight. As for Mr. John Smith, he muttered something that sounded remarkably like an imprecation, and proceeded hastily to mount the steep incline.

She heard their approach and turned to look at them.

The first glimpse Jack Newenham obtained of her face dispelled at once all feelings of surprise at and disapproval of his companion's taste; the second glimpse he obtained as he stood by her side and saw the flush with which she greeted Mr. Smith made the latter's trouble at having pained her seem perfectly natural.

Not wishing to be in the way, the young Englishman turned his back and looked discreetly about him; in doing so he came face to face with a new feature in the landscape. Sitting by the road side, his long legs stretched limply in the dust, his back propped up against the great heap of broken rock which crowned the summit, was Mr. Snaresbrook.

There was a vacant look in the mild gaze of his fine blue eyes; but Newenham, seeing that they were turned full upon himself, felt bound to make some sort of greeting, urged perhaps by the awkward silence that reigned between the young couple behind him.

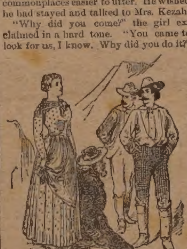
"Good evening, sir," he said politely.

Mr. Snaresbrook, vaguely recalling the courtesies of the days when he "was a gentleman," made an unsteady inclination of his body, and with a violent effort rose to his feet.

"Glad to see you," he said affably. "Fine view from here—peaceful rest, evening sunshine. My daughter—'low me to introduce you, sir—and I come to enjoy the 'fect of peaceful su set. By George, sir, they talk so much of that low murder down there that we can't stand it—we come out here for a little peace and beauty!"

Newenham made some suitable reply and tried to continue the conversation; but the intensely bitter look of reproach cast at himself and John Smith by the girl when she slightly acknowledged her father's introduction made the effort difficult. Nor did the scraps of conversation between the other two which he unavoidably overheard make his polite commonplaces easier to utter. He wished he had stayed and talked to Mrs. Kezah.

"Why did you come?" the girl exclaimed in a hard tone. "You came to look for us, I know. Why did you do it?"



"Why did you come?"

John Smith felt a difficulty in replying without alluding to the degradation of the gentleman who was so cheerfully, if indistinctly, discussing the view with Newenham a few paces from them. Perhaps his silence touched her. She suddenly changed her tone.

"We are going back now," she said with a false cheerfulness; "we were tired and sat down here to rest. Is that your claim away down there?"

She pointed to where the road dipped abruptly, again winding down among the red pines; from where they stood they could catch a glimpse of a clearing which she had been looking at when they came up. The color rushed swiftly into his face and as quickly died away. She had been looking for his claim!

"Yes," he returned briefly, feeling unable to say any more.

"I think we will go," she said. "Father"—stepping over to Mr. Snaresbrook and laying a slender hand appealingly upon his trembling arm—"will you come now?"

"Certainly, my dear! Shentlemen"—with much dignity, leaning heavily on the arm which had been slipped within his—"I hopsh to have the pleasure of seeing you both soon; if you will dine with us, my daughter"——

"Come, father," she interposed gently; then with a grave bow to the young men she drew him forward.

The road before them looked gray and lonely in the dusk, and Deadman's Flat was a good way off. As the two men drew back to let the girl pass on with the helpless, half drunken father, Newenham remonstrated.

"You won't let them go alone!" he exclaimed in a quick low tone. "See how dark it is getting; and it will be late before they get to Deadman's Flat!"

"She wishes it," said John Smith curtly.

He preferred to fall in with her wishes on this occasion, for always after the first few moments, when, perhaps under the impulse of sudden sympathy, they met and spoke frankly together, a feeling of constraint would fall upon them and they would seem to shrink from each other.

It was a relief to him to see her pass down the road, where the fast gathering shadows would soon shut her out from his sight. Jack Newenham, however, thinking of her—unprotected, young, beautiful—and of the possibility of her meeting on that long, lonely road any of those rough, perhaps drunken miners, with only that wretched father to protect her, could scarcely be prevented from rushing after them.

When he gave his reason for wishing to do so, John Smith looked at him in half amused, half impatient wonder.

"Those men harm her! Why, there isn't one who wouldn't walk twenty miles to help her!"

CHAPTER VII.

Perhaps that silent walk in search of Miss Snaresbrook had formed a subtle bond of sympathy between the two young men; at any rate from that night John Smith did not try to avoid Jack Newenham. Another incident drew them even closer together—at least it considerably affected the young Englishman, who was beginning to feel something stronger than mere interested curiosity in this new acquaintance of his.

Jack felt certain that, though John Smith mingled freely among them, living their life as completely as though he had been accustomed to it all his days, he was yet as really out of place among the inhabitants of Deadman's Flat and its outlying miners' camps as Miss Snaresbrook herself. He was indeed deeply interested in them both, because he was considerably puzzled. Any prejudice he had formed against the girl before knowing her had long since vanished, and he now thought as highly of her as did any man or woman in Deadman's Flat. He could not understand the state of affairs between herself and John Smith. He had first felt certain that it was a decided case between them; but after a few days looking on at what he expected to be a comedy of love making, he was obliged to come to the conclusion that there was really nothing between them after all. Indeed, there were moments when they almost seemed to dislike each other. They scarcely ever sought or stayed long in each other's society—they rather appeared to avoid meeting, and the constraint upon them when they did meet and talk together was more compatible with dislike or even fear than the shyness of a love not brave enough to declare itself; and yet, in spite of all, there was no doubt that John Smith had in some way constituted himself her protector, and that she silently submitted to and even leaned upon his guardianship.

All the new interests and excitements in his life still left Jack Newenham plenty of time for his own affairs; and there were moments when he could hardly force himself to stay another day away from that lonely little girl in New York, chained to the bedside of an exacting, unsympathizing invalid. He had a reason for staying on which, springing out of his love for her, was strong enough to help him conquer his own desires. He had written to tell her of Mr. Thomas Cairnes' death, though he had not informed her of the manner in which he met it. He only said that Tom Cairnes was dead, and that she need fear no more for her brother. That brother himself was the reason of his staying on at the "Red Unicorn." A suspicion was forming in his own mind which he wished to verify. Subtle as his questions were, watchful as he was of every word and look, Jack Newenham could gain no information from John Smith concerning his past life. His natural delicacy made it impossible to try to force a confidence; he could only wait.

In the meantime the would be avengers of the late Mr. Thomas Cairnes were not idle. The letter that had been found on the day of Jack Newenham's arrival, in a crevice of the wall of the cabin honored by the presence of Mr. Cairnes when at home, was now considered a certain clew to the discovery of the murderer. The letter was dated from Venneville, and one of the committeemen had himself gone there to make inquiries, but he had not yet returned nor sent any message. The Hon. Jack Newenham heard a good deal about the affair. Partly from a hint given by Mr. John Smith and partly from his own feelings on the matter, he had given up all thought of resenting the committeemen's inhospitable welcome, and he had also, as John Smith had prophesied, considerably modified his opinions on the rough mining population. He had on several occasions caught glimpses of things beneath the surface which had made him considerably ashamed of his previously drawn conclusions.

Acting upon all these considerations, he had made advances to the Irishman who had been the chief sufferer in that slight difference of opinion, and who had come out of the fray in a much worse condition than the object of his wrath. The advance had been received with such complete absence of resentment or even recollection of that "trifling affair of honor, sorr!" that Newenham was slightly surprised, and could not help laughing. That laughter, in which the Irishman heartily joined, dispelled all lingering distrust from his heart, and they were now all on the most friendly terms. So very perfect was the understanding that Jack Newenham was invited to join the committee sitting with closed doors, and to inspect the important letter itself. Mr. John Smith was also included in the invitation, he having gained the public confidence by the decided genius he had shown on one or two critical occasions and the business like way in which he had helped to carry out some sentences passed in defence of law and order.

The letter, with much solemnity, was laid upon the rude table in the room set apart for this affair of justice until the time when it should culminate in a noose hanging from the branch of a certain tree. There was a cool determination, a quiet sternness in the dark, sunburnt faces gathered round the table that gave moral effect to the scene. Newenham took up the letter and read it calmly through, though how he did it he could not say. Perhaps the consciousness of all those watchful, resolute eyes fixed upon his face steadied him, although he might well have shown some signs of discomposure, knowing the issues at stake. The letter was from Redfern Churchill, signed with his full name. It was written under the pressure of fierce rage and despair, by a man who was evidently maddened by treachery and ruin. The writer swore he would have his revenge, even if he had to hunt Mr. Thomas Cairnes down to the death. It was dated about a week before the murder.

"Guess we're on the trail, stranger," said one of the men, as Newenham at last laid the letter upon the table.

"Yes," he replied, his voice sounding far off in his own ears.

He drew back from the circle of stern faced, resolute men, who would be that brother's judges, and stood with his own face in the shadow. John Smith, carelessly advancing, took his place. He lifted up the letter and read it quietly through.

"I reckon this gentleman is euchred," said the man who had spoken to Newenham. It was he who had found the letter, and he was feeling very triumphant.

"You bet," said John Smith laconically, laying the letter down upon the table.

"Let's get out of this," whispered Newenham to him under cover of the buzz of general conversation which then began.

John Smith nodded, and they left the room together, making their way out of the house into the square. They stood for a moment looking across the open space towards the street, which was comparatively quiet to-night.

At the farther end a flare of flaming oil lamps from the open doors of the gambling saloon lighted up the summer evening dusk. Newenham, restless with a feverish excitement, harassed by doubts and fears, felt that anything would be welcome to take his thoughts away from the scene he had just witnessed. He suggested turning in there to see what sort of a place the saloon was, as he had not yet paid it a visit.

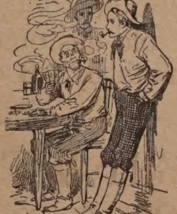
John Smith acceded by simply turning in its direction.

Some ten minutes' walking brought them to the hospitable doors of Macnab's saloon. As John Smith unconcernedly made his way through the bar room, nodding carelessly here and there to those of his acquaintances who, lounging about, helped to make up the crowd of smokers and drinkers, he followed too, with a regretful thought of the fresh sweet air he had left outside.

They went on to a farther room, where tables were set about, each one containing its complement of silent, earnest gamblers, some of whom would sit playing there till daylight, their silence broken only by words marking the course of the game or occasional imprecations as the luck changed. The two young men strolled up to the tables; John Smith, being greeted here and there with a silent nod by some more of his acquaintances at the tables, took up his place near one of them. A little later Newenham, happening to look up from a game in the progress of which he himself had become interested, caught sight of his friend, and was startled at the change which had taken place in him. John Smith, leaning against the opposite wall, was watching the play of four of his friends at the table close to him. His pipe had gone out, forgotten, though clenched between his set teeth. His face was pale and rigid with the intense excitement of the unholy lust of play, and his eyes were gleaming with a fierce light.

One of his friends at the table, glancing up at him as they proceeded to deal out a fresh hand, saw the gambling fever stamped upon his face and said:

"Take a hand yourself, boss! You look like playing stakes with old Scratch hisself!"



"You look like playing stakes with old Scratch hisself!"

This remark attracted the attention of the other players at the table. They looked up too, and with a laugh or an imprecation, according to their various modes of speech, repeated their fellow gambler's invitation.

A sudden shudder shook John Smith from head to foot, breaking that rigid terrible look of eager excitement, and he took the forgotten pipe from his lips.

"No!" he answered curtly.

In a way he was popular, but the men among whom his lines were cast felt that he lacked two things to make him a good comrade—he neither gambled nor drank. It might have been the spirit of human weakness which does not like to feel itself in the presence of superior strength, or it might have been more directly prompted simply by the desire to win money from a novice, but at any rate they suddenly attacked John Smith, trying to force him by entreaties, taunts, or jeering chaff to join them. For a moment or two, baited by them all, John Smith kept silence, his breath coming hard between his set teeth. Then his eyes, glittering with a strange brightness, were turned furiously upon his tempters.

"I will not play!" he said, drawing himself up to his full height. "For I've sworn to myself never to touch another card as long as I live, and I'll keep my oath. But, it isn't to save my pile, as you say. Take it all, and much good may it do you! It will only carry you a little faster to the misery those cards have brought me to!"

As his voice rang through the room he dashed down a handful of gold and silver on the table, scattering the cards, while the coins went spinning in every direction. The outbreak was so sudden and unexpected—he had gained the nickname of Sleepy Smith—that the men for a moment were silenced. In the sudden lull John Smith turned his back upon the table and passed rapidly down the room and disappeared through the doorway.

Newenham followed as swiftly as he could. He had been looking on at the scene of temptation with an interest so painful in its intentness that it could be measured only by the relief he felt at John Smith's victory. He overtook him outside in the starlight, but they walked on for some minutes in silence, John Smith apparently quite unconscious that he had a companion. Newenham was at length forced to break the silence by that new feeling of respect for his friend which had suddenly grown up in his heart.

"Why did you do that?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied John Smith, thinking Newenham alluded to what had just taken place at the card table. He spoke now without any of the affectation of roughness, and it was the refined, rather than languid voice of a man accustomed to good society. "I was mad, I think, for the moment—men are apt to make fools of themselves when they are mad."

"I did not mean that—I meant, Why did you let me take you there? If I had known"——

"It's the first time I've been in such a place since— But it did not matter"—rather wearily. "I wanted to see whether I could stand it; and"—with an echo of that terrible passion—"I failed!"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! I don't know what has brought you here, but, after to-night, I would back you through thick and thin!"

John Smith stopped abruptly in the road, and turned to Newenham, his face looking very white in the starlight.

"You don't know," he said steadily. "If you did, you would not say that. I am a thief. One night I was at such a place as that, and a man was there who had a bundle of bank notes. I found them and took them."

Newenham drew back a step in the road. It was a terrible confession for an honorable man to hear, and, if this man who made it were the man he suspected him to be, it was tenfold more degrading and repulsive. Probably that shrinking was unconscious, for Newenham was too generous to trample on a man who had fallen; but, unconscious or not, John Smith noticed it, and felt the degradation keenly. He too moved further away.

"Don't think I shall expect you to notice me," he said awkwardly, but with a touch of patient humility which gave the words a deep pathos. "It was because of that—that I tried to keep you off at first." Then he turned upon his heel and walked swiftly back towards the camp.

The next morning Mr. John Smith made an earnest attempt to induce Mr. Snaresbrook to leave the place. He walked into Deadman's Flat soon after daybreak, experience having taught him that that early hour was, in a general way, the only one that saw Mr. Snaresbrook's intellect at all equal to grasping any situation with a necessary amount of clearness. The attempt, however, was a still more disastrous failure. Mr. Snaresbrook had received his arguments, entreaties and reproaches with a dogged sullen silence, only relieved by an occasional angry gleam in his eyes, as if he resented the young man's interference in his affairs, but the daughter received his entreaties in a manner that sent him from her dumb with dismay.

He did not see her till noonday, for she had been keeping out of his way. He met her at last on the outskirts of the town, just as she was returning from a long walk, thinking by this time that he would have gone back to his claim at Red Mactarvish. She had gathered a spray of azalea somewhere in her wanderings, and as she came down the road holding it in one hand she was absently pulling to pieces the delicate pink blossoms with the other.

At his unexpected appearance the warm blood rushed to her pale face, and she stood looking at him over that rosy cloud of blossoms, her breath coming fast, her bosom rising and falling with the rapid beating of her heart.

Her evident mental distress put an end to his self control, and he blurted out the reason of his seeking her, without any regard for eloquence or dignity of speech. He was only conscious of a wild, passionate desire to get her out of that place.

[CONTINUED.]

Robert T. Lincoln's Bill.

Mr. Robert T. Lincoln likes to tell the story of his first fee as an attorney. Old Judge Logan, under whom he read law, had always told him not to be afraid to charge big fees for his services. "People don't respect a cheap lawyer," said the judge.

One day soon after Mr. Lincoln had been admitted to practice he sat alone in his office when a messenger brought a note from the Chicago agent of one of the wealthiest insurance companies in America, asking to have the title to a certain piece of property looked up. The young lawyer spent about half an hour looking into the title and then sent his report to the insurance office. Pretty soon the messenger came with another note. This one requested Mr. Lincoln to send his bill by the bearer. The young lawyer had no idea what to charge. At first he thought it would be good policy not to charge anything "for," said he to himself, "I should like to get that company's work regularly." But he knew Judge Logan would not approve that sort of thing, and he didn't want the judge to think that he was heedless of his advice. So he figured it that, since he had worked only half an hour, $10 would be a good stiff price, for it would be at the rate of $200 for a day of ten hours. The words of Judge Logan, however, rang in his ears, and with a stroke of audacity that almost frightened him, Mr. Lincoln finally made the bill for $25. He felt that this was an outrageously high fee, and was hesitating as to whether he would give it to the boy or make out another for $10, when Judge Logan chanced to come in.

"You are just the man I want to see," said Mr. Lincoln, and he told him of his dilemma.

Judge Logan took the bill and tore it up.

"I knew it was outrageously high," said Mr. Lincoln, "but judge, you always told me to make big bills, and I did this more to please you than myself."

"Nonsense!" said the judge; "give me a pen."

He sat down, wrote another bill, and gave it to the boy.

In a few minutes the boy returned with the insurance agent's check for $250, and a little note to Mr. Lincoln thanking him for his promptness, and saying the company's other work of this character would be sent to him.

"Great Scott!" said the young lawyer to the old one, "did you make out a bill for $250?"

"Of course I did," answered the old judge; "you don't want to be an eleemosynary institution for insurance companies, do you?"—Washington Post.

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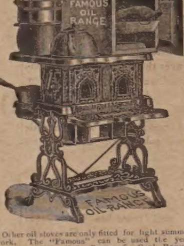

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The Meredith News.

GEO. F. SANBORN,
PUBLISHER and PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
$1.00 per Annum, paid Strictly in Advance.
Liberal inducements to Agents.

Advertising Rates.

	1w	2w	3w	4w	2m	3m	6m	1y
1 in.	.75	1.00	1.25	1.50	2.00	2.25	3.50	5
2 in.	1.50	2.00	2.50	2.75	4.00	5.00	8.00	12
3 in.	1.75	2.50	3.25	4.00	6.00	7.00	10.00	15
4 in.	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	20
1-4 col.	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	12.00	18.00	25
1-2 col.	5.00	7.00	9.00	11.00	16.00	18.00	30.00	45
1 col (22 in.)	8.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	40.00	60

Society cards, $3.00 per year. Obituaries, Resolutions, Cards, 5 cents per line or fraction thereof. Local Reading Notices, 10 cents per line or fraction thereof first week; each succeeding week, half rates.

Entered at the Post Office in Meredith Village, N. H., as Second Class Matter.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, July 12, 1889.

The climate of Washington has again shamelessly disgraced us all, the thermometer recklessly plunging into the nineties. With few exceptions the capital has been during the past week the hottest town in the United States. Those able to go have made haste to leave the city. The President is numbered among the unfortunate, and will not be able to join his family at Deer Park before next week. The number of ultra-fashionble people in official life that have followed the Harrisons to that charming mountain resort is surprising. Mrs. Commodore this and Mrs. Rear-admiral that are in full force. The Elkins family carriage is drafted into the service of Mrs. Harrison and the babies and Rev. Mr. Scott, her father, and the schemes that the naughty spoilsmen have concocted to get possession of the President when he goes to Deer Park are deep laid. The seat of government will practically be in the mountains for the next month.

During the Sullivan-Kilrain fight the departments were practically deserted by employes and the telegraph bulletin boards became the centers of attraction for every one, high or low. Probably $15,000 changed hands here on the result, though no heavy gambling was done. Authentic news of the fight arrived about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The excitement reminded one of that common a few years ago in receiving election returns from the October states. For some reason, the White House telegraph operator considerately remained on duty all the evening, and his wire being in direct connection with the Western Union line bearing the news of the battle, he could not help receiving the account. Uncle Jerry Rusk innocently meandered over from his lonely quarters at the Ebbitt and Secretary Tracy also found business at the Executive Mansion. Secretary Noble, though the hour was rather unusual for a cabinet meeting in time of peace, somehow happened to drop in, and was shocked to hear that his colleagues were deep in the mysteries of the forty-fourth round. Post-master General Wanamaker was there, determined to see what brutes men can make of themselves. In fact, the feeling throughout the city was one of intense interest. There was general satisfaction in the result, although Washington is so close to Baltimore that it was favorably influenced by the stories of Kilrain's wonderful staying qualities and thereby lost a neat sum of money.

Commissioner Tanner is tasting the sorrows of official life. The inevitable reaction which follows a too pronounced success has set in, and the Commissioner's life is not a happy one. The removal of his private secretary by Secretary Noble has been followed by an order from the Interior department prohibiting the promiscuous making of claims "special." This, in its turn, was followed during Mr. Tanner's absence on Monday, by the discharge of three members of the medical corps of the Pension Bureau. Commissioner Tanner refuses to acknowledge that his relations with the Secretary are strained, or that these discharges are intended as a rebuke. One of the discharged employes, a Dr. Carpenter, alleges that he was discharged because he was too liberal in allowing big re-ratings of pensions.

Re-rating as a system was discovered by General Black as a very neat means of showing that former administrations had not dealt liberally with the soldier. These re-ratings were however, not allowed to greatly deplete the Treasury by their size and were generally restricted to the doubtful states. They attained their greatest number during the campaign of last fall.

Corporal Tanner's accession to power was regarded by a vast number of ex-soldiers as an unalloyed blessing. The cry was "The old flag and appropriations." There was to be money enough for all, and one would have but to ask to receive. In the Pension Bureau itself is a small but powerful clique of pensioners whose members are continually applying for increase. An assistant chief of one of the divisions has applied for increase seven times in the last three years. This clique saw a golden chance to obtain re-ratings, and in about the time it takes to tell it, a dozen of the crowd had mysteriously had their claims reconsidered, obtaining thereby from eight or nine hundred to thirty-five hundred dollars each. They literally passed on the merits of each others claims. The game finally attracted the attention of the Secretary, with the result described.

The muttered threats heard against the Secretary, from a small circle of these people, he does not heed.

Centre Harbor.

Walter Hill spent Sunday in town.

Mr. J. D. Bates has arrived at his beautiful summer home.

Rev. and Mrs. Robert Ford are in Danbury for a few days.

There were over one hundred people at the Senter House last Sunday.

The steamer Lamprey took an excursion party to the Weirs Tuesday evening.

A dramatic entertainment was given at the hall last week by Mr. Arthur Moulton and friends. The hall was full and everybody seemed to enjoy the evening.

Lake View.

Mr. John Bean is stopping at H. A. Smith's for a few weeks.

Mrs. Amos Wiggin of East Moultonborough is at Warren Davis.'

Mr. Lucien Dow of Lake Village, has been in town for a few days.

Blueberries are ripening, and promise a large crop of fine quality.

Mr. Warren Davis' folks are rejoicing over the birth of a young son.

The past week has been very poor hay weather, but good for growing crops.

Mr. James Day has sold his sailboat to Frank Horn and Everett Wiggin.

Mrs. Alvin Hanson who has been very sick for the past two weeks, is improving.

Our mail route has been let to Mrs. H. A. Davis, but Geo. W. holds the lines.

Mrs. Hoadly and her son Victor, of Gorham, are visiting at her father's, Mr. J. Day.

Dana F. Downing of Haverhill, Mass., is spending his vacation at Wm. M. Smith's.

Our post office is to be at Lake View House again, as Mrs. Day has been appointed pos mistress in place of Mrs. A. J. Smith, who has had the office for two years and a half; not because it has not been well cared for, but politics will tell, even in small things.

Take
Hood's
Sarsaparilla
100
Doses
One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. It is merit that wins, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has given to this medicine a popularity and sale greater than that of any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier before the public. **Merit Wins** Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all Humors, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, overcomes That Tired Feeling, creates an Appetite, strengthens the Nerves, builds up the Whole System. **Hood's Sarsaparilla** is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

STEAMER
LADY OF THE LAKE
LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

Commencing Monday, July 1, 1889.

Time Table.

LEAVE WOLFEBOROUGH:
6:00 a. m., For Weirs, via. Centre Harbor
10:30 a. m., For Weirs, via. Centre Harbor
3:05 p. m., For Weirs and Centre Harbor
LEAVE WEIRS:
9:00 a. m., For Wolfeborough
12:36 p. m., Str. "Maid of the Isles," For Centre Harbor.
1:45 p. m., For Wolfeborough
4:30 p. m., For Centre Harbor and Wolfeboro'
LEAVE CENTRE HARBOR.
7:35 a. m., For Weirs and Wolfeborough
12:30 p. m., For Weirs and Wolfeborough
1:36 p. m., For Weirs, via. Long Island
5:00 p. m., For Wolfeborough

J. S. WADLEIGH, CAPT.

STEAMER MOUNT WASHINGTON.

On and after Monday, July 1, 1889, will run in connection with trains over the B. & M. Railroad as follows:

LEAVE CENTRE HARBOR, Daily, Sundays excepted, at 6:00 a. m. for Weirs, *Long Island, Wolfeborough and Alton Bay, connecting with trains for Portland and Boston.
LEAVE WEIRS at 6:40 a. m. and 1:50 p. m. for Wolfeborough, and Alton Bay, at 6:15 p. m. for Centre Harbor.
LEAVE LONG ISLAND at 1:15 p. m. for Weirs, Wolfeborough and Alton Bay.
LEAVE WOLFEBOROUGH at 8:15 a. m. and 3:15 p. m. for Alton Bay.
RETURNING.
LEAVE ALTON BAY at 11:50 a. m. for Wolfeborough, Long Island and Weirs. At 4:15 p. m., or on arrival of trains from Boston and Portland, for Wolfeborough, Weirs and Centre Harbor.
LEAVE WOLFEBOROUGH at 12:20 a. m. for Long Island and Weirs and at 4:50 p. m. for Weirs and Centre Harbor.
Dinner Served on noon boat after leaving Wolfeborough.

J. T. FURBER, Gen'l Man., A. WIGGIN, Capt.

*The morning boat from Centre Harbor will not stop at Long Island, unless Signalled.

G. N. SMART,
(Successor to R. B. Sanderson.)

HAIR DRESSER.

Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting a specialty.
Razors Honed and Concaved.
Over Sanborn's Drug Store. Meredith, N. H

A. F. CLARK,
BILLIARD
—AND—
HAIR DRESSING ROOMS.
Tobacco, Cigars, Fruit, Nuts and Confectionery
Prescott's Block, Meredith, N. H.
37tf

SANDERS BROS.,
Laconia, N. H.

Delivered FREE OF CHARGE at the station at Meredith, the celebrated

MONITOR
OIL STOVES
Cheaper Than Ever.

The Leonard Dry Air Cleanable Refrigerator,

Finished in Antique Oak, and sold within the reach of all.

The Unexcelled
GLENWOOD,
ELMWOOD
FLEETWOOD
RANGES!
None Better

Four carloads Drain Pipe just received.

First-class workmen sent to neighboring towns, and repairing done at the very lowest prices.

Call when in Laconia and investigate for yourselves.

SANDERS BROS.
LACONIA, N. H.

STOP!
Read This and Take Advantage of
Low Prices!

Osgood & Co.,
(Suc'rs to S. E. Young & Co.)
Are now selling
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Plated Table Ware at the
LOWEST LIVING PRICES.
We also have a full line
Optical Goods, Opera Glasses, Pocket Cutlery, Shears, Scissors, Razors, Etc.

All in want of Watch, Clock and Jewelry
REPAIRING
We can suit. With the best of workmen we are able to do any and all kinds of repairing. Call and see us.

OSGOOD & CO.,
114 Main Street, Laconia, N. H.

W. F. KNIGHT & TETREAU

We are pleased to announce the formation of a co-partnership under the firm name of

W. F. KNIGHT & TETREAU,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF CARRYING ON THE BUSINESS OF

DRY AND FANCY GOODS,

AND WE RESPECTFULLY ASK THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC.

With the push and new methods of doing business actively, it becomes imperative on every firm that expect to keep abreast of the times to use every effort to present to the people the latest styles and the lowest cash prices. We will therefore try earnestly to serve our customers with New Goods, New Prices and New Ideas. Our reputation for keeping First Quality Goods is so well known that it is needless for us to mention the fact that we shall in the future, as in the past, maintain, and if possible excel the high reputation we have attained; with NEW life, and the strong and active partnership formed we are confident of our ability to well serve our patrons and to greatly increase our already large and increasing business.

We are bound to win, because behind our industry and devotion presses a high ambition that will never sleep.

As we "Spot Cash" every purchase, and sell our goods on the same principle, we are certain it will pay you to read our advertisement. See what we are offering, and then give us a call before buying.

In order to sell all the Odds and Ends, Remnants, and goods we cannot duplicate, we have placed on our counters several lots of such goods that we must sell within three weeks. They must move if it is for a song.

THERE IS NO UNCERTAIN TONE IN THE MUSIC OF THESE PRICES:

Lot Sewing Silk, good, 5c. per spool
" Corsets, 72c., were $1 and $1.25
" Linen Collars, 8c., were 12 1-2 to 15
" Boys' Waists, 19c., were 35c.
Lot Gloves, 13c., were 25, 35, and 40c
" Men's Underwear, 39c., was 50 & 60
" Pins, 4 papers for 5c.
" Buttons, every kind, 2 doz. 10c.

1 Lot Challies (Fine Light Dress Goods), 7 cents. One Lot Gingham, only 8 cents. One Lot ALL LINEN CRASH, finished edged, 18 in., 7 cents. 1 Lot CORSET COVERS, only 12 1-2c. SEVERAL LOTS OF HOSE. 1 Lot OPERA SHAWLS, very cheap. 1 Lot SILK, 47 cents per yard. ONE LOT BLACK GOODS, Great Bargains.

ALL REGULAR DEPARTMENTS WELL FILLED WITH
Well Selected and Good Goods.

If we are permitted to serve you, we shall do so honestly and politely. We shall try to hold our old customers, gain new ones, and retain both by fair dealing.

VERY RESPECTFULLY,
W. F. KNIGHT & TETREAU,
LACONIA, N. H.

J. R. CHAMPLIN,
BOTTLER
AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN
Lager Beer, Porter, Ale, Cider,
MINERAL WATERS,
10 Court Street, Laconia, N. H.

Lemon,
Vanilla,
Orange,
Jamaica,
Pear Cider,
Ginger Ale,
DELICIOUS NERVE TONIC
Birch Beer,
Tonic Beer,
Raspberry,
Strawberry,
Pineapple,
Sarsaparilla,

FOUNTAINS CHARGED
AT SHORT NOTICE.

Syrups of all Flavors.

☞The water used at this establishment is from the purest of Springs, and all goods sent out warranted of the best quality.

BOTTLERS' SUPPLIES.
Extracts of all Flavors, Gum Foam, Fruit, Acids and Vegetable Colors.
x-1-3m

NOTICE!

Summer is the time when the grocery business is rushing. We realize this fact and we propose for the next two months to give it especial attention. We have secured the services of Mr. Rice, who has been for two years past with the Manchester Tea Co. of Laconia, and is extremely well posted in the grocery business. This will enable us to devote more attention to

OUR ORDER WAGON
WHICH HEREAFTER
WILL MAKE ITS ROUNDS DAILY
Instead of semi-weekly as heretofore.

We shall pay especial attention to BUTTER, having secured the make of J. F. Smith, S. W. Wiggin, and several other fine Creameries. Also shall carry a full line of

VEGETABLES
And Fresh Farm Produce
As soon as it is ready for market.

If you have not been in the habit of buying your groceries of us, give us a trial and

WE WILL SAVE YOU MONEY!

JOHN W. BEEDE & CO.

Meredith, N. H., July 11, 1889.

LACONIA
National Bank.

Capital Stock,	$150,000.00
Surplus,	$30,000.00
Undivided Profits,	$2,989.03

Solicit Deposits Subject to Check.

Will Issue demand or time certificate of deposit bearing interest from day of deposit to time of withdrawal. Collections made, and the usual Banking attended to.

OFFICERS:
John C. Moulton, President.
Orran W. Tibbetts, Cashier.
C. W. Tyler, Ass't Cashier.

Directors—John C. Moulton, S. C. Clark, A. C. Leavitt, P. Putnam, Geo. H. Clark, W. L. Melcher, A. G. Folsom.
Laconia, May 29. 1889.

J. A. LANG & CO.,
CARPENTERS
—AND—
BUILDERS,
Also Manufacturers of
PIANO FORTE CASES AND BRIDGES,
Door and Window Frames, Screens and Brackets of all kinds to order.

Circular, Band and Fret Sawing, Planing etc.
MEREDITH, N. H.
J. A. LANG. C. D. MELOON.
3-tf.

Daylight Everywhere.

You'll save time, perplexity and money by looking through our Clothing and Furnishing stock before purchasing elsewhere.

This is Our Picture.

Mutual Interest in←
Laconia One=Price Clothing Co.
→Finger Post.

THERE IS NO SECRET about our way of doing business on the success that has attended our efforts.

For two years we have been taking the people's dollars and giving them 100 cents or more every time.

Thousands have visited us, purchased and gone as heralds to tell of Dependable Clothing at Honest Prices.

Two years ago we inaugurated the ONE PRICE C. O. D. system in Laconia.

From the start our success was assured. Our Price guaranted impartial treatment to each and all.

Selling for Cash enabled us to sell at a smaller profit, insured us against loss from Bad Debts.

As a rule we avoid advertising Cheap Clothing.

WHY?

Because Clothing that is Cheap in Price is Cheap in Quality.

Bear in mind that whatever you buy here will prove to be WORTH ALL YOU PAID FOR IT, no matter whether it be a $6 or a $20 suit.

That's our way of reaching your Pocket-Books.

Laconia One-Price Clothing Co.,
G. A. R. BLOCK.

LACONIA
HARDWARE COMP'Y!
THE LEADING DISTRIBUTORS OF
Hardware, Paints and Oils in Belknap Co.

We do not claim that our goods are superior to those of our competitors. We do not claim to sell you the value of $1.25 for $1.00. We do not claim to give away goods. But what we do claim to do is, to give you the value of your money in GOOD, FRESH, RELIABLE GOODS

We do not count so much on a single sale, but it is our aim to please you in such a manner that you may be induced to come again.

Mill and Blacksmith Supplies
A SPECIALTY.

WE ARE CONNECTED BY TELEPHONE AND ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

OUR STOCK THE LARGEST!

Our Prices as Low as the Lowest.

A. T. QUIMBY,
E. E. SMART.
77 Main Street,
LACONIA, - - N. H.